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APRIL, 1894

THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

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OUR IRREPARABLE LOSS.

It was with an overwhelming sense of loss, and a grief too deep for expression, that all who knew her personally and had worked with her in this Mission, heard of the departure from this life of Mrs. Frances Lea Chamberlain, one of the founders and always the Treasurer of the Association. Words are poor indeed to say what this loss is to those who loved her and to this cause which she loved and most faithfully served. We give here the tributes to her memory offered by the Association, of which she was an officer, and elsewhere those of the Philadelphia Auxiliary of which she was President, with a touching description of her last days, which her bereaved husband, Dr. Chamberlain, has consented to write for the sake of the many who now mourn her loss.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION.

The painful duty devolves upon our Board of announcing the death, at Sierra Madre Villa, California, on the twenty-fifth of February, of our efficient Treasurer and beloved personal friend, Mrs. Leander T. Chamberlain. With great personal magnetism, a mind of unusual ability and cultivation, and a heart full of sympathy and enthusiasm, she brought these gifts, in thorough consecration, to her Master's feet. The conversion of France to Christ, on account of its influence on the world at large, appealed strongly to her love for her Lord, and her desire to extend His kingdom. To this work, as carried on by the McAll Mission, she devoted her

time, influence and means, from its first introduction to notice in this country.

Therefore Resolved, by this Board, That her loss to our Association is incalculable, and those of us who were brought into close contact with her, know full well the void which seems to our human sight impossible to fill.

Resolved, That in renewed consecration, we seek to follow her as she followed Christ, and take up her life-work as a precious legacy, looking to Him whose strength is made perfect in our weakness, so that the memory of her loving example serve not as a loss to discourage us, but a stimulus to renewed effort.

Resolved, That since the reunion of Christian hearts bound together by love to a common Master and His cause, was to her a great incentive in the McAll Mission work, we seek to carry it on in the same Christ-like spirit.

TRIBUTE OF THE PHILADELPHIA AUXILIARY.

The Philadelphia Auxiliary of the American McAll Association meet to-day under the shadow of an overwhelming bereavement. The tidings that our honored and beloved President, Mrs. L. T. Chamberlain, is dead, stunned us like a sharp and sudden blow, and as the first shock passes we awake only to a full consciousness of sorrow. She won the admiration and affection of all who knew her by a rare combination of gifts and graces, executive ability, wise judgment, enthusiasm in work, joyousness of disposition, great personal charms, consecration of wealth, position, time and talents, and above all, love, the bond of perfectness, forming a completely rounded Christ-like character. We gladly followed her guidance, and so indispensable did her leadership seem that fainting faith almost fears that the laborers will falter and the work fail without her directing hand. Both as a Society and as individuals, we who were encouraged in effort by the sunshine of her

smile, will miss a dear personal friend: but our sense of loss merges in sympathy with him who shared both her life and work, and whose brimming cup of happiness has been shattered.

We pray that to him our Father "will send the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit." He who called His handmaiden to "go up higher," loves infinitely both her and the work she has left. That work is dear to her now, and as we have been drawn very near to the invisible world, we still feel the influence of her presence. We shall best honor her memory by hopefully sustaining the cause for which she cared. We must not sink, but rather stand upright beneath the burden of responsibility so unexpectedly laid upon us, for the Master never assigns a task without giving also strength for its accomplishment. If we have profited by our friend's example, if we are worthy of the companionship we have enjoyed, we shall love the McAll Mission more truly than ever, labor for it constantly, pray for it earnestly, believe in it confidently and rejoice in it gratefully, for "They mourn the dead, who live as they desire."

Perhaps we may thus add a yet gladder note to her heavenly song, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord God Almighty; righteous and true are Thy ways, Thou King of the ages." The Philadelphia Auxiliary will then be a "polished cornerstone" of the American McAll Association, Mrs. Chamberlain's most fitting earthly monument.

THE LAST DAYS OF FRANCES LEA CHAMBERLAIN.

The request is made that I give, in the MCALL RECORD, some account of the last days of my loved companion. Compliance with the request is the more welcome to me, because of the assurance that many of the RECORD's readers knew Mrs. Chamberlain personally and loved her, and by the further assurance that all who read my words will regard them with

at least a kindly interest, for the sake of her long devotion to our great Mission's work.

On the twenty-fourth of December we reached California, intent upon confirming the improvement in health which the last three years had brought to my wife. So much had she gained already, that the continuous journey of five days and nights was borne with no hurtful fatigue. Our previously selected location, at the Sierra Madre Villa Hotel, proved to be all, and more than all, that we had anticipated. In the background rose the Sierra Madre range, the gentler foot-hills leading upward to towering, snow-capped peaks. Before us lay the wide San Gabriel Valley, with its orange groves, its vineyards, its intersecting highways bordered with the beautiful pepper-tree, the cypress and the eucalyptus, its lesser towns and villages paying free obeisance to greater Pasadena and Los Angeles; and beyond all, to the south and west, the sunlit sea. For situation, it was like Jerusalem of old—"the joy of all the earth." The climate, too, was most helpful. Day after day, week after week, radiant morning passed into perfect noon, and went forth in final glory. To watch the sunset splendor, the almost equally brilliant after-glow, the sudden rushing forth of thronging stars, was a favorite act of both joy and devotion. In daily drives and walks the desired increase of strength was delightfully obtained; while the fond search for springing wild flowers gave added interest to every road and path. The trees, the thickets, were literally alive with birds, many of them from our Eastern and Northern States—emigrants for the winter to a milder clime. In that far off country were thousands upon thousands of our own robins, our own meadow-larks, happy in their sojourn, yet waiting to return home at the call of springtime.

It can be more easily imagined than told how much Mrs. Chamberlain enjoyed the California land and life. Quite to her own surprise, she soon found herself able to walk *up hill*

and down, by the mile! On the very day of the fatal attack, she was to have taken her first ride on horseback—first since her youth! She spoke often of the pleasure she should have in putting her recovered strength at the service of the holy causes which she loved.

But on the fair morning of February 9th, after a night of perfect rest, she said suddenly that she was ill. That was the beginning of the end. It was what is known as appendicitis, with subsequent, and consequent, pleuro-pneumonia. All that human skill could accomplish, was done for her rescue. One of the most eminent physicians in the United States gave to her his utmost care, visiting her twice and thrice each day. One of the most skillful physicians in the State laid aside his entire practice in the city of Los Angeles, and remained with us day and night, never going beyond our call and scarcely beyond our very sight. One of the finest of surgeons held himself in instant readiness to come, at telephone call, by either day or night, if surgery could give the needed aid. The trained nurse was most wise and most lovingly faithful. The proprietor of the hotel devoted himself and all his resources to the sick one's welfare. The temperature was perfect. Yet it was all in vain. For fourteen days and nights we watched, and prayed, and wrought, in hope. The fifteenth day was disastrous. The tide of battle had turned adversely. The brave one had already summoned her last reserve. On the morning of the sixteenth day, while the wild birds were singing, and the newly-risen sun was shining, and through open windows came the pleasant breeze, the pure, elect spirit went peacefully home to God who gave it. It was just as the church-bells in her loved Philadelphia were calling to holy service. The silver cord was loosed at last. The golden bowl was broken.

It was the fulfillment of her own gentle prophecy! On the sixth day of her illness she said to the physicians, and to

me, that she felt her *reserve* of vital force to be too slight for the unexpected and prodigious demand. She calmly added, "You will do all that skill and love can do, but we shall, I think, be defeated in the end." On that sixth day, accordingly, she bade me the tenderest of good-byes. She spoke repeatedly of "the three perfectly happy years." She mentioned the special things which were nearest to her mind and heart. She sent messages of loving remembrance to relatives and friends. She commended her soul, in perfect trust, to her Redeemer's sovereign care. She said, "I *know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." She continued, "Intense as is my desire to remain on earth with you, yet to depart and be with Christ is far better." We repeated together the words of prayer, and psalm, and hymn, and holy promise. Round about us was that peace which passes understanding. Not a tear was shed. Not a smile was foregone. She had no ecstasies; she saw no unwonted visions. Better far, hers was a simple, rational, scriptural, divinely-given faith. In that faith was an overcoming might. Her experience was surpassingly beautiful. It was supremely like herself!

And here, "for the testimony of Jesus," and as the recorded answer to her prayer, let me bear humble witness to a grace which still suffices. Never before have I so apprehended the infinite goodness of God. The atoning love, the friendly companionship, of Christ, was never so precious. The presence of the abiding Comforter was never so realized. The thought of Christian service was never so welcome. Surely, I should be of all men most ungrateful, most insensate, did I not own the cheering as well as sanctifying power of such a Christian example. To Him who doeth all things well, be praise forevermore!

On Monday, March 5th, a simple service was held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, of which she was a member. The

Scriptures of the resurrection and the life were read. Songs of trust and triumph were sung. The features of the dead were still as fair as fairest sculpture, and so life-like that it was as if, once more, the eyes would open and the lips would speak. In that presence, the uttered words seemed altogether true: "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

By her loved parents the mortal body was laid to rest. The day was such as the dear one herself would have chosen. Her coveted sunshine flooded the earth and filled the sky. It was a mildness like that which had been left behind in the southern land. At the grave, a honey bee sought to gather honey from the roses and lilies with which loving hands had covered the casket. Below us the Schuylkill flowed silently. On the distant hills hung a soft, illumined haze. Over all, glorifying all, brooded tenderly the sense of God's perfect love and the assurance of eternal life in Christ the Lord.

And now, what wait we for, save to please the King and to hasten the kingdom's coming? Higher than ever in our affection and our labors, let us place the McAll Mission which Frances Lea Chamberlain had loved so long and served so well.

LEANDER T. CHAMBERLAIN.

Philadelphia, March 12, 1894.

The cause that was so dear to our departed Treasurer's heart was not forgotten by her in death. The will of Mrs. Frances Lea Chamberlain contains a legacy of five thousand dollars to "The Evangelistic Mission in France," known as "The McAll Mission."

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

A change in the order of the Annual Meeting is announced by the President, as follows :

DEAR FRIENDS.—In view of the existence of certain conditions, it has seemed wise to the Board of Directors of the American McAll Association to make some modifications in the Annual Meeting this year. We propose that the sessions shall hold only one day, commencing at 10.30, Friday, April 27th. The morning and afternoon sessions will comprise the best of all that has hitherto been spread over two entire days, while the evening service will be the usual public meeting with an attractive programme.

The combining of the two days into one is, of course, an experiment. The result will show whether it is a wise change or not.

In view of the condensed programme, we ask that every delegate will be in her place at 10.30 on Friday morning, as every moment will of necessity be precious. We would also call your attention to the circular from the Secretary, emphasizing that portion relating to reports from Auxiliaries. We shall be obliged to enforce the two-minute rule.

Trusting that much thought and earnest prayer may precede our gathering together,

Very cordially yours,

N. B. PARKHURST,
President American McAll Association.

The Corresponding Secretary issues the following call to the annual meeting of the Association :

DEAR FRIENDS.—You are hereby notified that the Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Association will take place April 27, 1894, in the Central Congregational Church, corner Eighteenth and Green Streets, Philadelphia. You are

earnestly requested to send Delegates to represent your Auxiliary, the number not to exceed five.

Entertainment of Delegates will be provided by the ladies of the Philadelphia Auxiliary, and you will confer a great favor by sending the names and addresses of the Delegates, at an early day, to the Chairman of the local committee, Mrs. James F. Stone, 18c6 Green Street, Philadelphia, from whom you will receive all necessary information.

Delegates not desiring entertainment should also send their names and addresses in advance of the meeting to the Chairman of the Committee.

You are earnestly requested to prepare and send by your Delegates a brief statement of the year's work of your Auxiliary. As there are now sixty-five Auxiliaries to be represented, the time for reading each report will be limited to two minutes. In any event, do not fail to send your *report*, not later than April 1, to the General Secretary, to be read by her at the meeting.

It is hoped that every Auxiliary will feel the need of representation at this meeting. The Board of Directors have prepared a programme of deep interest, and we are assured that the ladies of the Philadelphia Auxiliary will do all in their power to make the meeting most successful. Above all, we earnestly ask your prayers for the blessing of God to rest upon the assembled Delegates, that every heart may be greatly quickened in renewed endeavor for the McAll Mission.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CAROLINE REMINGTON,
General Secretary.

Readers will remember the explosion of a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies not long ago. Close beside one of the men who were wounded sat M. Hirsch, one of the workers in our Mission. He was unhurt.

MR. GREIG'S IMPRESSIONS.

[Mr. Greig sailed from New York by the White Star steamer *Germanic*, on Wednesday, February 28th. Just as we go to press, a letter mailed at Queenstown to the President of the Association brings to all the auxiliaries the message they would most desire to receive.]

DEAR MRS. PARKHURST :

Would you allow me convey through you, publicly and collectively, my warm thanks to the different auxiliaries who received me so kindly and courteously? I feel I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the energy and devotion displayed by these ladies, who, in so many different cities, had planned with such acumen and carried out with such untiring devotion those large public meetings or more private receptions in which I was privileged to take part. There was there more than enthusiasm—there was devotion to the cause of Christ, expressing itself through an organization admirably adapted to all emergencies. I knew before I left France how loyal to the Paris Committee all those auxiliaries were, and how self-denying in their efforts to meet their pledges and even increase their gifts; but it was most encouraging to find everywhere such thorough appreciation of the real nature of the work, and such a whole-hearted confidence in the men whom Dr. McAll had trained to the management of it. More than ever I regret that it seemed always impossible for our great leader to do what I have just done; it would have warmed his heart and strengthened his faith, though it could not have increased the gratitude he felt towards you.

I shall not attempt the task, happily impossible, of determining which was the finest meeting at which I spoke, or which committee seemed most energetic, but many, I know, will understand why I cherish very specially the memory of a conversation I had in Norwich, Connecticut, with an old, feeble man, and why I felt a thrill of greater joy when Mr. Beach thanked me tremulously for having gladdened by my story his broken heart, so long mourning solitarily, than when I saw

even the largest assembly listening breathlessly to the tale of the gospel triumphs. And now, just as I leave your hospitable shores, comes the news, so terrible in its crushing brevity, of how the busy brain that planned my trip is forever at rest, and Frances Lea Chamberlain has gone to meet Elizabeth Beach, yonder beside the great white throne. Coming when it did, that brief message was like a call to more earnest work ; another soldier is fallen ; fill up the ranks ; press on ! They are not forgotten ; they never can be forgotten. Let us honor their memory by advancing yet further the cause they had so earnestly at heart.

Yours most sincerely,

CHARLES E. GRIEG.

Miss Annie Beard, the daughter of the Rev. A. F. Beard, D. D., formerly of the American Church of the Rue de Berri, Paris, sailed from New York on Saturday, March 10th, to devote herself to the work of the Mission. In accordance with the plan already announced in the RECORD, Miss Beard will work principally among the women and children, having especially fitted herself to adapt, as far as practicable, the methods of the Kindergarden for adoption in our Sunday and Thursday schools. Having spent some years of her childhood in Paris, Miss Beard is thoroughly conversant with the French language, and her interest in the French people and in this work for them is very deep.

It is an exceedingly interesting and suggestive fact that the Romish Church is now adopting our methods. A series of revival meetings has recently been started in Paris, which are described by a writer in *L' Eglise Libre*, as very strongly resembling a Moody meeting. The Church of Rome sees in the McAll Mission an example of how it must go to work if it will retain its hold on the masses. "Notwithstanding, every-way Christ is preached."

Miss Flora Brown, daughter of the Rev. S. R. Brown, has for four years been giving hearty service among the young women of Salle Rivoli. She has gathered thirty-three of them into a very active young woman's class or association, and has worked up a good choir for the Sunday afternoon services.

Now duty calls her to leave Paris for an indefinite time and she gives up her work to go away, followed by the hearty good wishes of all who have worked with her. Her place is temporarily filled by Miss Annie Esrey Johnson, but she is obliged to abandon other work to assume this. Who will take the place of the absent ?

Those who knew the McAll Mission a few years ago will have heard with sorrow of the death of the Rev. W. W. Newell on the 23d of January. Mr. Newell was for some years active in the work of the Mission, and his interest in French evangelization was always deep. The religious papers of Paris paid him high honor in their obituary notices of him. The *Eglise Libre* gives to him the credit of being the true founder of the Franco-American committee, which has for its object to unite the representatives of the different religious movements in France for greater directness and efficiency, and to obtain a more active co-operation in America. Of late years Mr. Newell has been carrying on an efficient and much needed religious and social work among the young Americans of the Latin Quarter. He will be very sorely missed. The sympathies of all who knew him and his work will be with Mrs. Newell and her sons.

A most interesting event lately took place in Leicester, England, the scene of Dr. McAll's first pastorate. This was the unveiling of a memorial tablet to him in the London Road Chapel, which he founded and of which he was for years the pastor. An excellent account of the ceremonies unfortunately reaches us too late for use in this number. It will appear in our next issue

MR. GREIG IN CHICAGO.

BY THE REV. J. F. LOBA, D. D.

What is sweeter than the meeting of friends, or what does more good to the eye than the face of one you love? So we said as on a cold, keen, raw, February morning, such as only Chicago or East Boston can produce, we rode on the top of an express wagon, two miles across the city to meet Mr. Greig at the station. There were many questions to ask concerning the Mission, its faithful band of workers, its finances, etc., but there was no time for visiting. Unfortunately, no preparations had been made for public, parlor or other meetings, and the important thing was to have the genial and energetic head of the McAll Mission meet just as many people as possible in the two brief days he had to give us.

So hastening through the dark streets, to seek that ever enthusiastic friend of children in all countries, Mr. B. F. Jacobs, we were disappointed in not finding him yet in his office. Thirty minutes carried us to the North Side, to the home of the genial and resolute president of the Chicago Auxiliary, Mrs. W. McCormick. A brief, brisk conference was soon held, and again hurrying out, we found our way to the Congregationalist ministers' meeting. Here Mr. Greig met with a most cordial welcome. In his own modest, simple and tender way, he gave us an all too brief outline of the work being done in Paris and France. The young people's work, the children, the Sunday school, and the regular preaching services were quickly passed in review. The greatest interest was aroused. We wanted to hear him for two hours, but he had only fifteen minutes at his disposal.

Thence hurrying forth again, we next visited the Presbyterians, but finding an important meeting in session, we could not gain an audience, and at once passed into the room occupied by the Baptist brethren in the same beautiful new Y. M. C. A. building. These gladly and courteously sus-

pended their interesting discussion to listen for a few minutes to the simple, touching story of the Lord's work in France.

Thence again for a long, earnest conference with Mr. Jacobs, who is full of enthusiasm and of plans for bringing the Sunday schools in France into immediate communication with the children in America, and thus securing the hearty support of a large number of schools here for an equally large number of schools in France. His plan for making the Sunday schools here auxiliaries, each of a school in France, is admirable and should not fail of being at once carried out. This would create a deep interest among the children and produce a permanent stream of financial aid for the French schools.

As no provision had been made for an evening meeting, Mr. Greig was allowed to meet a friend or two, while notices were inserted in the important papers and hand-bills were printed calling a meeting in the Congregational Church, in Evanston.

At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning we were again in the city and Mr. Greig had the pleasure of addressing two hundred young men and women assembled for their morning lecture in Mr. Moody's Institute. What a delightful meeting that was, both for the speaker and for the auditors! Earnest, eager, young hearts were open and drank in eagerly the story of the triumphs of the Gospel in the dark places of France. And the face of the speaker glowed as he lovingly told us of the love-illumined face of Dr. McAll, by his very look preaching the Gospel of the divine Love. It was a tender, earnest, warm meeting, and if no money was raised there was yet a greater good accomplished in the kindling and strengthening of Christian faith and heroism. But there was no time for pause or rest.

We again felt the pulse and stir and restless energy of the brave McAll workers as we hurried off to meet the two

hundred theological students at the Congregational Seminary at their noon hour of prayer. Here, as everywhere, Mr. Greig met with a hearty welcome. Better soil for the inspiring story he had to tell it would be hard to find ; professors and students were charmed and listened with breathless attention. But again we felt the meeting was all too brief, and we hastened away again to prepare for the evening meeting at Evanston. Boys and girls bravely took the hand-bills and went out to scatter them at every door and at the incoming trains as they brought in the returning business men to their homes. There was too little time for a good notice of the meeting, but on the whole the attendance was good. All were greatly interested and delighted. After an hour's talk, to which all listened intently, questions were poured in and Mr. Greig had to stand and answer them for nearly an hour longer. The meetings were all that one could ask, lacking only one thing—time. He should have been here for two weeks instead of two days. With his straightforward, modest and tender way, Mr. Greig won all hearts. But how weary he must have been after two months of campaigning at this rate ! How gladly must he even now, as we write this, be giving himself up once more to the rocking of the ship and the deep music of the sea, as once again he turns his face towards the brave wife and dear children awaiting him in Paris ! God bless that dear, heroic brother, and grant him a long, long life of just such service as he is now doing for the Master ! Send him again to us and we shall give him a warm welcome. He has done us all good, has stirred our hearts, quickened our love, and increased our interest in the great work for France. We fear he did not return with his pockets full of dollars, but the seed he has sown will certainly bring forth fruit in the future.

Evanston, February 28.

BY THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

One of the most lovely drives at Mentone is that of the valley of Castellar ; for nearly two hours the carriage creeps slowly upwards, climbing the hill sides, covered with olive trees, which grow here in great luxuriance. At last the picturesque little town is reached, standing on a hill at the foot of the mountains which protect Mentone from the cold northern blasts. The view varies at each turn of the road ; and now and then, the deep blue of the sea adds a fresh charm to the landscape.

When Pastor H. Merle d'Aubigné and I visited Castellar in January, the town was in fête, in honor of its patron saint, St. Sebastien, whose statue is to be seen in the church, pierced with many arrows. The inhabitants were dancing on the village green. But to us, the most interesting sight was a poor man, blind and somewhat lame, whose radiant, happy face formed a great contrast to those of his neighbors, though he could not join in their dances. In the evening we heard his history. A few years ago, when Mr. Mabboux held a series of meetings at Castellar, this man, then a pious but bigoted Catholic, thought it his duty to do all he possibly could to stop the work of these "heretics," so he used to beat a drum and otherwise disturb the meetings ; he also devoted all his little saving to buying up New Testaments in order to burn them !

Last winter, M. Simon, a blind man, who formerly played the harmoniums at some of our meetings in Paris, came to Mentone. Mademoiselle Wagner sought to find him employment ; and amongst other things, she persuaded a gentleman to pay him to teach some of the poor blind to read. Amongst others, M. Simon sought out the blind man of Castellar ; and, not without difficulty, persuaded him to become a pupil. He fell ill. Mlle. Wagner went over to Castellar several times to nurse him. Her kindness touched

his heart ; and, desirous of repaying her for her interest in him, he began to reason with her on the sin of not worshipping the Virgin Mary. To his astonishment, she answered him by reading out of the New Testament. She procured for him the Gospel of St. Luke, and that of St. John, in Braille's raised type, that he might read for himself. Gradually light dawned on him ; he saw his errors, and turned to Christ alone as his Saviour. He diligently studied the two books he had ; and now he delights to evangelize his neighbors. They are curious to see him reading with his fingers ; he chooses passages which arrest their attention, and when they ask in astonishment, " Does the Bible really say *that* ? " he pulls out of his pocket a testament, and bids them find the place and read for themselves. He then sells many testaments, and is sowing precious seed in that neglected village.

Mlle. Wagner is no longer connected with the Mission, our funds not having permitted us to maintain a Bible woman at Mentone since the end of last September ; but she still resides there and earns her living by nursing.

The work at Nice and at Cannes is flourishing. We were cheered by seeing crowded halls and attentive audiences. Monsieur Biau, at Nice, is now helped by a young Englishman, Mr. Gay, supported by an anonymous friend. On their bicycles, MM. Biau and Gay visit the surrounding towns and villages. At Cagnes, a quaint old town, perched on the top and sides of a steep hill, half way to Cannes, meetings have been held for several years, and there is a nucleus of faithful ones who help to pay a part of the rent of their hall. This is one of the most curious I have ever seen, being an old, vaulted shop, just like two English coal cellars side by side, so that one-half the congregation cannot see the other half ; the speaker stands looking into both ! It only seats fifty people. At another town, further off, St. Martin du Var, the work is more recent ; but although the people have to work early and

late, they came in good numbers to hear the gospel on the evening I visited them. This village is sixteen and a half miles from Nice. In the neighboring mountains are many villages where an evangelist would be gladly welcomed ; but funds are wanting, and "the laborers are few." In fact, almost everywhere much might be done, had we but means at our disposal.

At Nice itself, we were cheered by seeing many converts, some of whom are working for the Lord, and thus helping M. Biau. At Cannes, Mr. and Mrs. Webber and their band of invaluable lady workers have been greatly helped and cheered during the last eighteen months by the presence and co-operation of Pastor Martin, who gives a great part of his time to helping in our work. The meetings here were very cheering, also at Grasse, Le Cannet and La Bocca. Many have found peace through believing, and are testifying for the Lord.

Again at Marseilles the work is very encouraging. Pastor E. Lenoir is now helped by a young man, M. Eug. Cresseil, who has lately joined him, and is already much appreciated. Here the temperance work is making good progress. We saw two striking instances of the value of total abstinence. After we had spoken, two brethren stood up, and successively gave their testimony in earnest, telling words. They were both well-dressed and beamingly happy ; and as we heard them say that five months before they had stood upon that platform in all the dirt, rags and degradation which drinking leads to, we felt that that was a powerful object-lesson, for one of them had bought a new suit of clothes, and looked one of the best-dressed workmen in the hall ; yet he was only earning, as shop-window cleaner, the same small wages as when he was in rags and destitution !

Many of these rescued victims of alcohol become earnest rescuers. On returning to Marseilles, I went with Pastor

Lenoir and Pastor Couvreau to a little cottage meeting in one of the lowest slums of the town, La Villette. Here a weekly meeting had been held twice before in the room of a coal hawker. It was crowded when we came, with about thirty people, and we received a most warm and hearty welcome, with much handshaking. Five of the people were members of the Temperance Society, from our hall at the Quai du Port; two of them, women, had come an hour's journey to help in the meeting, and were prepared to come every week. What hearty singing! What loving, earnest prayers! All the eight Christians present briefly prayed in turn, both before and after the three addresses, and yet the meeting only lasted an hour and a quarter and seemed all too short!

How did this meeting originate? Our friend T——, the man with a large red scarf round his waist, looking so radiantly happy, is a dock laborer. Only three months previously, he was a great drunkard. Wandering, one Sunday afternoon, by the Quai du Port, he was attracted by the bright blue front of our hall, and especially by the words, "*Relèvement des buveurs, 2 h. Dimanche après-midi.*" (Reclamation of drunkards at two o'clock, on Sunday afternoon.) He thought, "Well, I need reclaiming: suppose I look in!" He did so; and soon learned that Jesus is able to save even the slaves of drink. He came to the platform, signed the pledge, and soon gave his heart to Christ. Then he longed to tell others of his Saviour. He sought out his old friends. One of them was this coal-hawker, who had often caroused with him, and not seldom had taken care of him, when rolling helpless in the gutter! So he persuaded his friend, as he lived a long way from the hall, to open his room for a meeting; then he asked Pastor Couvreau to come and speak; his friends of the Temperance Society volunteered their help, too.

I cannot but feel that many souls will be led to Christ through the earnest work started by our warm-hearted friend, the dock-laborer. May many more be led to imitate his example !

On my way home I visited St. Fortunat, not far from Valence, in one of the beautiful valleys of the Cevennes. There a devoted young pastor, Mr. Narbel, has a flourishing church, with living prayer meetings. He also conducts evangelistic services in a hall for which the Mission pays, at Danières, a village about a mile further up the valley. Two hundred people listened with great earnestness to the gospel preaching that night.

At Lyons and St. Etienne the work is going forward. At the latter town there is a prayer meeting held every Friday evening in the largest hall. This is well attended, and many of the converts, both brethren and sisters, pray and give testimony to the good received. One sister, especially, charged me to thank the friends in far-off England and America who had provided the means for opening these halls, where so many had received blessing.

None can estimate the good done in these halls. We see *some* of the fruit, but much more is hidden for the present. Every now and then we are reminded by hearing of cases like the following that we must not judge the results solely by what we see : Whilst I was at Marseilles, M. Lenoir heard from a pastor at Valenciennes, in the north of France, that a man was about to join his church who had been at a meeting in Marseilles, had been impressed, and had received a New Testament. The friends of Marseilles had lost sight of him, but *God had not*, and in due time the church at Valenciennes, in the north, was strengthened by this convert from the south. Thus "One soweth and another reapeth."

May we all be kept faithful and work while it is called to-day.

HENRY JAMES BENHAM.

INCREASING CONGREGATIONS.

BY THE REV. S. R. BROWN.

“Salle New York,” is painted on the two outer doors of the hall in the Rue de Rivoli, and every person can see the name on entering, but its old name, Salle Rivoli, given to it in its bad days, when it was a low drinking and dancing saloon, still adheres to it. In those times rowdyism held high festivals here, and Pastor Monod humorously reminds us on our fêtes’ days, that he has witnessed chairs hauled about for arguments, when the tumult drowned the speakers’ voices. What a change ! A large, orderly gathering, quietly listening to words of life ; men and women coming from far and near to hear of Heaven and learn the way.

Our Christmas festivals passed off successfully. The American Church, Rue de Berri, sent a large contingent of visitors, and liberally contributed towards the fêtes. The singing of the young women’s class at the Christmas tree, and the children’s repetition of Scripture, were specially remarked ; they had been well trained and did justice to their teachers. Dr. Thurber’s talk to the mothers and Pastor Monod’s to the school children, were exceptionally good.

I have already told you that 1893 had been a peaceful and prosperous year in our salle, and we have had much encouragement. For 1894 the signs are still more propitious. In the numbers attending the meetings there is a large increase. The Sunday afternoon meeting has greatly increased. Dear Dr. McAll wanted to introduce the pleasant Sunday afternoon—after long seeking, a French word was found to translate the idea, “ Une heure de délassement ; ” it was not a success. The French *ouvrier* finds a “ délassement ” in Sunday rambles, or listening to military bands. When Mr. Rombeau was transferred to Roubaix, we returned to our original gospel meeting that suits best our habitués’ needs, and there was steady growth. Monsieur Mettetal then offered

his services on Sundays to lecture on a given topic. This was advertised by hand-bills, and a notice posted at the door.

This brought in a new contingent of the better sort. On February 11th Pasteur Couve, moderator of the French Church, came and gave a lecture on "Doubt;" it was a masterful address of fifty minutes, listened to by an attentive audience of 300 adults. Three hundred persons on a Sunday afternoon is in itself a marvel. On the same evening, at the ordinary meeting, there were 250 persons present. We had 60 scholars at the adult school and 26 young girls in the Young Woman's Christian Association meeting, and 80 children in the morning school. Pasteur Couve was so impressed himself that he promised to return after Easter.

We have now found that the great attraction for the Paris *ouvrier* is a lecture on a given subject. I hope to secure help to continue these conferences with the accompaniment of singing. Pasteur Bœgner and Monsieur Hirsch have promised help.

Week evening meetings are very large. These are our ordinary meetings. On Tuesdays Mr. Anderson is the preacher, and holds an after meeting. Scarcely a Friday passes but at the Workers' prayer meeting Mr. Anderson tells us of a good meeting of anxious souls, or men asking for prayer at the after meeting.

Thursday is my day at Salle Rivoli. I have followed the Redeemer's steps from the stable of Bethlehem—the boy Jesus in the Temple, Christ in the wilderness, a chapter of miracles, etc., and last Thursday our subject was "The Good Shepherd." Some 250 persons were present, and 80 remained to the "réunion fraternelle." Never since the salle was opened had we such congregations as now. Our feeling is that of Dr. Pressensé's dying prayer: "Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down."

THE ANARCHIST'S CONVERSION.

BY L. SAUTTER.

A workingman of Belgian extraction was a rampant Socialist. In 1888 or 1887 he had taken part in organizing a meeting of protestation with regard to recent events in Belgium, and for this had been expelled from France by order of the Minister of the Interior. The next year, however, he sought and obtained permission to return and reside in Paris.

About three years ago, being sick and full of suffering, he came to the dispensary at Grenelle, and there heard of the Saviour as one who could heal both soul and body. He believed and was forgiven, and from that moment he was a new man. He ceased to meddle with politics, joined the Baptist Church, and, resuming his old occupation of cabinet-making, set himself actively to work to advance the kingdom of God.

Last December he came to me to beg my support in a request he was about to make that the decree of expulsion from France, which had only been suspended, might be revoked. The appeal having been laid before the Minister of the Interior, an inquiry was made by the Prefect of Police, which confirmed all that P. had said as to his changed manner of life and his new point of view with regard to Social questions. The decree of expulsion was revoked and P. was restored to all the rights of a foreigner resident in France under the protection of the French laws.

The day after the outrage by Vaillant in the Chamber of Deputies, he was at the evening reunion in the Grenelle Salle. Asking leave to speak, he expressed himself almost in these words: "Three years ago I should have strongly approved of the criminal act of the Anarchists. To-day, by the grace of God, my ideas are changed. I have hastened hither to give testimony to the transformation made in me, not only in my conduct and opinions, but in my inmost thoughts. Formerly, as I well remember, when I arose in the morning, I was dis-

contented with everything ; with my employer, whom I ranked with extortioners ; with myself ; with society, which appeared to me badly organized ; with the wide chasm between the poor and the rich. My heart was full of envy and hatred ; in fine, I was very unhappy. Now when I awake it is with a feeling of gratitude and love toward God and my Saviour, Jesus Christ. I believe, because the Lord has said it, that there shall be rich and poor to the end and that the happiness of neither depends upon the things of this world. I love all men. I desire to do them good and lead them to know Jesus Christ, as I myself was led to know him. In him is the only remedy for the ills and disorders of society, for their cause is sin."

I have been told that after his conversion P. desired to tell his former Anarchistic comrades what had happened to him. With this purpose he went to the Salle Favré and spoke in much the same terms as in the McAll meeting, as above. He was hooted and hissed, but he had accomplished a duty which he was bearing in his heart. His conscience imposed it upon him—to bear witness to Jesus.

I should add that P. is a good workman, very intelligent, and his life at home, as well as in the workshop, is most exemplary.

[Those who heard Mr. Greig speak in this country perhaps heard him tell the above story with some details not here given. It is too interesting and important not to be given to our readers.—EDITOR.]

As appears in an article in this number, Pastor Merle d' Aubigné and Dr. Benham have lately been to Cannes for the annual meeting of the Mission in that section, going on afterward to Nice. At Cannes we have a very strong station, with three annexes in as many suburbs. There was a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Cannes at the time our friends were there, and they took part in that meeting.

TWO INSTANCES OF FAITH.

I have written already about the Gosselin family—the blind father, the pious mother and three children—who with all their efforts cannot make over eighteen cents a day, working some twelve to fourteen hours. When we found them they were suffering from privations, but not a murmur nor complaint; the room as orderly and clean as possible; the children's clothes patched and cared for: and when inquiry was made it was found they were in arrears for rent and they would be turned out on the 8th of January; "but we pray God constantly to show us the way, and surely He will."

After various efforts to get money for them from French sources without success, time went on and rent-day came. Mlle. Naire and myself were greatly distressed. What should we do? Fifty francs was the lowest we could get a room for, for one term, and that is a very large sum to give to one family; but there seemed nothing else; the concierge said they must go; the proprietor was a very hard man; already they were deeply in debt to him, and he would listen to nothing. We could not afford to pay the back rent; better pay in advance somewhere else; but, then, the proprietor would hold all their little belongings, except the beds!

While Mademoiselle and I were talking about it, early on the 8th, a thought came to her as if by inspiration. "I will go and see the proprietor myself!" She found him at home, and told him she came from a lady who was interested in the Gosselin family. "Ah! why is she so interested in them, a poor lot, who to-day must leave my house." "For that I come, Monsieur. You must not think because you have a factory and make money you can oppress the poor. You are mistaken about these people; they are worthy; they are Christians, and their whole desire is to do right. Mme G. comes to this lady's reunion. We know them and are disposed to help them. If you turn them out, what do you get? Only their old fur-

niture, which is not worth six sous to you." "No, but they must go. I can't keep people who do not pay." Then Mademoiselle began to argue with him. "But, Monsieur, you are wrong. You are rich and you must give an account of your money some day. Now we are ready to help these people, and you must also do your part."

It seemed to strike him as very strange that anyone should be willing to *give* money without return, and he got interested and began to ask all sorts of questions about the meeting and the hall, and why the meetings were held, etc., and finally he asked the address. "And the Gosselins attend these meetings, do they? And you teach them these beautiful principles? Well, I will tell you what I will do. I will forgive them all their past debts. I will give you a receipt, and they may stay where they are, and you will pay me the three months' rent in advance, fifty francs." Mademoiselle was very happy. That hard man who, perhaps, had never done a generous act in his life, was softened and won over by the power of simple truth. He followed her down stairs to the door, asking her numerous questions and then *shook hands with her!* She carried the few lines quickly to the concierge containing the order for the Gosselins to remain, and the concierge could not believe the words as she read them. "It is not possible; he has never done such a thing, and the receipt for the past months!" said the concierge. "I cannot believe it. Why did he do it? Did you threaten him?"

The other instance is one of beautiful, simple faith under circumstances the most terrible.

In making her visits Mademoiselle called upon one family who have attended the Mission for years—the children in the Sunday-school and the mother and grandmother in our meeting. The grandmother sometimes blows the organ for us, and when the last child was born our concierge's (of the hall) wife was its godmother. I gave them "dragées" at

the baptism, and Mr. Brown was also present. The husband is a good-for-nothing drunkard. They have always been able, however, to get work and support themselves in a respectable, honest way.

Mademoiselle writes as she opened their door: "What a picture presented itself. Before my eyes sat the grandmother, mother and the children, all weeping. The oldest girl, Martha, who comes also to our sewing-school, ashamed to be seen crying, and fearful of being questioned, went and hid herself. For two whole days the whole family had been without one morsel of food, and they said: 'Oh, Mademoiselle, we would have died rather than beg. We would never have gone to ask you for help. We have prayed constantly to God to help us, and now you are here (*et vous voilà*).' Not a word of complaint, but they were sure God would hear and answer their prayers, and they acknowledged to Mademoiselle that if they were so resigned and so calm they owed it to the meetings on Wednesday. 'It is there,' they said, 'that we have learnt to ask of God for peace of heart in the midst of trouble, and He has heard our prayer.' "

Everyone said that the mothers' fête in Salle New York was the most impressive we have ever had. God's spirit seemed truly to be in our midst. Three hundred and twenty-seven women were present and about thirty visitors. It was as quiet and orderly as any congregation in a church. The women were most attentive, and certainly the addresses by Dr. Thurber and M. de Rougement were admirable. The hymns were sung with spirit, and the presents, consisting of warm clothing, were received with joy. Some 200 were given.

DEEPENING INTEREST.

MY DEAR FRIENDS :

You are strangers to me personally, but I feel that we are "all one in Christ Jesus." Beyond this I must introduce myself to you as a friend of Dr. and Mrs. McAll, who, during the last eight years, often went to meetings with them, to help in the singing, to carry Mrs. McAll's books, and to enliven them with chat on the way home. One of the last times I went with them thus was to Boulevard Barbés, where I had the unexpected honor of translating an address given to the people by an American pastor. Probably he came from Boston, for he said his city was the "*hub* of the universe." Not being a mechanician, I did not know the French word for "*hub*," so I had to make the audience laugh over it. Almost the next time I accompanied our dear friends was during their holiday tour in Northumberland, when Dr. McAll was beginning to be very ill.

I have been working in various departments of the Mission for eight years, and at present am following Mrs. McAll's advice, "*Keep to the music, dear.*" This means also taking an interest in the people who attend the meetings, and speaking kind and seasonable words, joined to smiles and handshakes, and for several months I have gone once a week to play the organ at Salle Rivoli (we keep to the old name of your Salle New York). On that evening my pastor, your friend, the Rev. S. H. Anderson, preaches there. The regular service is from eight o'clock to nine, the congregation being generally over 150. At the close of this Mr. Anderson invites the people to stay for a short prayer meeting, comes down from the platform, says "*Good-night*" to friends who must leave, and sells as many half-penny gospels as he can. Then the thirty to forty or fifty people who remain, having settled down quietly, he adds a few pithy words to his previous address, and asks if there are any special subjects for

prayer. The little band of Christians who fill the front rows of chairs often mention sick friends or return thanks for prayers answered. I heard a woman say one night : "*I never ask anything of God that He does not give me.*" Mr. Anderson then asks if anyone wishes prayer for conversion. If there be no response he goes on : "Are there any Christians here who wish to consecrate themselves afresh to the Lord ? I do, myself, most heartily." All the hands in the front rows go up—"a cloud of witnesses." "And now," he adds, "are there any who wish to give themselves to God, our Saviour, *for the first time*? Let such also lift the hand." Nearly always a hand is raised, slowly, timidly ; another, and then another. "Now, let us *all* ask God to accept us, to bless us afresh, to give us His Holy Spirit. I will speak to God first, and then any of you, dear friends, may pray. Don't be afraid—just a short, simple request. Speak to our Heavenly Father in all freedom." Generally it is a woman's voice which follows Mr. Anderson's in prayer—sometimes only my own. But one night a superior-looking workman stood up in his white blouse and said : "Lord, from this day I desire to be Thine. Take me. Grant me pardon. Give me peace. Make me Thy faithful servant, O my Saviour. Amen."

I asked him afterwards if he often attended our meetings. "No, it is not possible, because of my work. I have been very ungrateful," he added, with a sigh. He went to see Mr. Brown at the Mission-room next day, but missed him, and I have never seen the man since, though I often look for him and pray for him.

One night a wretched-looking woman, with a black eye, asked us to pray for her salvation. Perhaps she hardly knew the meaning of the word, but felt the need of a change in her miserable life. I feel that the Lord is very near to us in these prayer meetings, and that help is through them rendered to Mr. Brown and the regular workers in Salle Rivoli. It would

be very difficult for casuals like myself to find out the names of the people, etc., but prayer brings down God's blessing on the hall. I am struck by the improvement in numbers and attention in the general meetings of late and the diminution of *sleepers* round the stoves! Poor, weary creatures!

Mr. Anderson holds similar meetings at Rue Royale on Friday nights. The congregations there are much smaller, better dressed and more reserved people. About twenty stay for the prayer meeting, mostly earnest souls seeking more light. Sometimes strangers stay, too, and seem interested. Gradually the ice is being broken. A fortnight ago a young gentleman, a Mission convert, thanked me for my prayer for some young men, adding: "I wanted very much to pray myself, but dared not." A short conversation ended in his promising to do so the following Friday, as well as a middle-aged man servant and an old German cook, and they kept their word. A bright young fellow asked for prayer for his conversion three months ago, and he seems very happy. He used to come to meetings to amuse himself. "I meant no harm by laughing, but everything seemed strange and funny to me." Another, quieter, sought out Mr. Anderson to tell him he had become a communicant in a Protestant church.

Perhaps you have heard of an Irish Roman Catholic lady, who had become almost an atheist. She was prejudiced against the Mission, but strolled into Rue Royale Hall one evening, thinking the "conférence" would be scientific, about eighteen months ago. Hymn 278 ("Entre, passant,") was being sung, and she was so struck by the simple gospel address which followed, the first she had ever heard, that, in spite of finding out that she was in "one of those McAll places," she returned constantly until she found peace in Jesus. She is now a member of the Congregational church of which Mr. Anderson is pastor.

If the week evening services at the Rue Royale are not largely attended I believe that good work is going on quietly. Servants traveling with families receive spiritual help. These disappear at intervals, to return after many days. I notice partialities for favorite preachers. A shy old lady told Mr. Brown lately that she comes always on Mondays, hoping to hear him, as he was the means of blessing to her years ago, and he had not known it. Eternity alone will show all the fruits of faithful work in these Mission-rooms.

We sadly need more workers. Will no God-filled, God-sent souls come over and help us? Humble, loving, practical persons, patient and persevering, "*saved to serve.*"

And believe me to be, my dear unknown friends, yours in the Master's love and service,

ELIZA STEVENSON.

THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

In ancient days from Macedon
The cry came, "Friends, come over,
And help us in the dreadful strife
'Gainst kindred, friend and lover!"
That cry did not go forth in vain;
It struck an answering chord,
And millions now rise up to say:
"I praise the living Lord!"

All ages have their Macedon,
All hearts send forth their cry:
"O friends, come quick to our relief,
Speak quickly or we die!"
Our God is as our Father's God,
Our strength is as our need;
We call on Him in our distress,
And He will come indeed.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES.

DECEMBER 15, 1893, TO MARCH 15, 1894.

VERMONT, \$60.00.		PENNSYLVANIA, \$3,736.69.	
Burlington Auxiliary	\$60 00	Bellefonte Auxiliary	\$15 00
MASSACHUSETTS. \$2,168.47.		Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary	252 33
Amherst Auxiliary—Mrs. W. F. Stearns' School	\$50 00	Easton Auxiliary	48 00
Andover—Miss S. E. Jackson	3 00	Harrisburg "	50 00
Blackstone—Mrs. N. M. Guillou	10 00	Oxford "	35 00
" —Rev. and Mrs. L. M. Pierce	5 00	Philadelphia Auxiliary	3,000 00
Boston Auxiliary	1,416 00	Scranton "	120 00
Easthampton Auxiliary	80 00	Wilkes Barre "	216 36
Haverhill "	68 53	MARYLAND, \$1,191.00.	
Northampton "	33 94	Baltimore Auxiliary	\$1189 00
Pittsfield "	80 00	Frederick—Mrs. S. R. Bonsall	1 00
Southbridge—Brookside Mission Circle	13 00	" —Miss F. Trail	1 00
Southbridge—Y. P. S. C. E. of Cong'l Church	7 00	DELAWARE, \$245 00.	
Worcester Auxiliary	302 00	du Pont Memorial	\$225 00
" —Legacy from Estate of Mrs. L. A. Lincoln	100 00	Wilmington Auxiliary	20 00
CONNECTICUT, \$1,134.17.		DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$442 00.	
Hartford Auxiliary	\$342 87	Washington Auxiliary	\$442 00
New Haven "	690 00	OHIO, \$436.00.	
Norfolk Cong'l Ch. and Society	28 00	Cincinnati Auxiliary	\$231 00
Norwich—First Cong'l Church	23 30	Cleveland "	200 00
Windsor Locks Cong'l S. S.	50 00	Springfield "	5 00
NEW YORK, \$3,439.00.		INDIANA, \$228 75.	
Albany—First Lutheran Church	\$32 00	Indiana Auxiliary	\$228 75
New York Auxiliary	2,930 00	ILLINOIS, \$5.00.	
Piermont—Ref. Church S. S.	25 00	Chicago—South Cong'l Church	\$5 00
Rochester Auxiliary	110 00	KENTUCKY, \$104.24.	
Troy "	342 00	Louisville Auxiliary	\$104 24
NEW JERSEY, \$2,102 49.		MISSOURI, \$150.00.	
Belvidere Auxiliary	\$15 48	St. Louis Auxiliary	\$150 00
Bloomfield—First Presby. Ch.	63 01	CANADA, \$20.00.	
Elizabeth Auxiliary	525 00	Cauada Auxiliary	\$20 00
Morristown "	180 00		
Newark "	994 00		
Oxford—Legacy from Mrs. Hand	25 00		
Plainfield Auxiliary	289 00		
Trenton "	11 00		

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

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Term expires 1896.

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